The Lady's Monitor.

BE THOU THE FIRST OUR EFFORTS TO BEFRIEND;
HIS PRAISE IS LOST WHO STAYS TILL ALL COMMEND.
POPE.

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THE TRIALS OF ARDEN.

(Concluded from our last.)

"SHE was unconvinced by his arguments. Poverty was not to be dreaded, for she possessed a sufficiency, in her own right, from the bequest of her uncle. The father's choice was not her's, and in this case she was only entitled to judge of the means of her happiness. She confided, likewise, in her father's love, to make him acquiesce in what his power could not prevent or annul. A private marriage would reconcile her duty to her inclination, since then there would necessarily be an end of Wingate's hopes and importunities; and if her family should prove irreconcileable, still union with Arden would be the least evil of the two.

"Arden fluctuated, wavered: in one mood he promised compliance with Harriet's wishes, and afterwards, when solitude and deliberation had time to sway him, he retracted those promises. He was unhappy, undetermined, and changeful. At length he wrought himself up to the resolution of making her his wife. To this he was chiefly influenced by the security which time had given him, respecting dangers connected with his former adventures, and by public information of the death of a certain personage in Europe, whose existence was the chief source of his peril.

"Part of Harriet's property was a spacious farm and substantial dwelling, thirty miles from the city, on the banks of the Hudson; the other property was personal. She was in full possession of this property. It was agreed that Harriet, by seeming acquiescence in her father's wishes, should obtain his consent to her passing a week or ten days with a friend in Jersey. Hither Arden was to follow her, previously resigning his post, as tutor to Mr. Finch's children, and their marriage was to be privately solemnized. After which, Harriet was to return to her father's house, and when the completion of the contract with Wingate was again proposed, she was fully to disclose her engagements with Arden, who was immediately and openly to claim her as his wife.

"To this scheme Arden had been brought to consent with the utmost difficulty. The balance was inclined, indeed, but merely inclined in favour of it. Before Harriet set out on her visit, an event happened which restored all former obstacles, and inspired Arden with a resolution to shun all future contests and struggles, by abruptly retiring from New-York, and burying himself in some remote obscurity, whither it would not be possible to trace or to follow him.

"This resolution was to be disclosed to Harriet, and his heart was to be fortified against her entreaties and her arguments: a difficult undertaking, but indispensible. He postponed it as long as possible; and having determined to go on the evening of a certain day, he determined to follow Harriet in one of her afternoon walks, and thus obtain a farewell and parting interview.

"The interview took place. Arden's firmness enabled him to resist all her reproaches, entreaties, and reasonings, and to part from her without abandoning his purpose, but not without a thousand terrors and inquietudes. Arden left her to return home, and Harriet was supposed by him to have prosecuted her walk.

"Arden had not gained his chamber, when, fearful of some act of despair in Harriet, he repented of his resolution, and returned, in order to find the lady once more, and inform her of this change. He traversed the usual walks and paths, but ineffectually, and concluded that she had gone to visit the infirm old woman that I once before mentioned. Having searched every place but the grotto, he conceived it possible that she had gone thither, having had some interviews with her in that very spot. He went to it, looked in, saw no one, and returned. This interval afforded time for his former resolution to revive with new force, and his conduct during the subsequent hours I have already described.

Such were the incidents, communicated by Arden to Miss Brudenel, in a copious correspondence. Such was the intelligence imparted by Miss Brudenel to her brother, and these, added to information respecting his adventures before his arrival in America, were the basis on which she had reared her conviction of his innocence. These adventures, however, she would not permit herself to disclose.

"After his acquittal, and escape from the hands of a sanguinary mob, he disappeared to all eyes but those of Miss Brudenel. The correspondence between them continued. He retired to the country, and, led by a mixture of accident and design, made his dwelling at the house of a Dutch farmer, within a small distance of Harriet Finch's demesne. He lighted on this abode in his obscure pilgrimage through by-paths and uncultivated spaces, and abided there, on account of its remarkable seclusion, the profound ignorance of the aged couple who inhabited it, and the consequent improbability of his retreat ever being known. His board and lodging he was able to purchase from his gains reserved from the payments of Finch, for twelve or eighteen months to come.

"The detection, confession and punishment of Mayo gave a new turn to Arden's affairs. Mankind in general were as eager to repair as they had formerly been to inflict the wrongs which he had suffered. Finch, in particular, publicly declared his sorrow for the part which he had taken in the persecution, and disclosed a circumstance which had till then been carefully suppressed.

"In examining his daughter Harriet's papers, after her decease, there was found, drawn up in legal form, a will, in which she had bequeathed all her property, real and personal, to Arden. This paper was written after the period when a secret marriage was agreed upon between them; and made, according to her own words, in consideration of the uncertainty of life, and of the benefits which her understanding had received from Arden's instructions.

"This will, though fairly written, and signed and sealed by her self, was without witnesses. That she had never gotten it attested, nor published, rose, no doubt, from the difficulty attending such a cere-

mony, and from the opposition which she could not but expect from her relations to a design of this kind. The instrument being, consequently, invalid, its existence being known only to her father, and Arden falling under such atrocious suspicions, and afterwards disappearing, the will was of course unmentioned and unexecuted.

"Now, however, such were the probity and generosity of Finch; such his zeal to atone for past injuries, that he declared his resolution of complying, in its full extent, with his daughter's will, and offered to transfer her property, entire, to Arden. Arden received, from his faithful friend, speedy intelligence of these events, and, returning to New-York, was kindly and respectfully received by Finch, as well as by his early friend Brudenel. Harriet's will was punctually executed, and gratitude joined to the removal of so many inconveniences of poverty and persecution which had hitherto beset him, induced him to tender himself in marriage to Anna Brudenel, and the happiness of that generous and exalted woman, though so long delayed, was at length completed by union with the object of her most ardent affections."

I thanked my friend for this copious narrative, but expressed much curiosity as to the real character of Arden. His life, in Europe, had not been disclosed, and in this I could not help supposing something very remarkable. Had he ever obtained any knowledge of these transactions?

"Yes," said he, "the truth, in that respect, came at last into mine and my friend Brudenel's possession, and thus it came: While Arden was a fugitive, Brudenel was apprised of his sister's correspondence with him, but remonstrated against it in vain. Let what would come, she never would abandon a friend in adversity, and one of whose innocence she had proofs sufficient. These proofs being connected with his exploits in Europe, no menace, no entreaty, no artifice could prevail on her to disclose.

"After her marriage with Arden she retired to the farm, now called Ardenfield, inherited from Harriet Finch, and there constantly resided. Brudenel did not suffer these concealments to lessen his brotherly attachment, and usually spend some weeks, every summer, at his sister's mansion. When my engagements permitted, I was always willing to accompany him in this excusion, being greatly pleased with the solemn and romantic beauties of this residence, and with the manners of its tenants. Arden's countenance and demeaner were remarkably full of dignity and gracefulness; and his wife was one of whom, in spite of many personal defects, I should have thought it impossible to approach and converse with without being enamoured.

"One evening, about eight years after their marriage, Arden and his wife, her brother and myself, were sitting in a cool piazza, after supper, viewing the effect of moonlight on the cliffs that formed the opposite banks of the river, and discussing any topic that occurred. The discourse insensibly turned upon the past, and particularly on the manner in which Ardenfield came into the hands of the present possessor. These ideas formed a sort of prelude to the following remarks made by our host.

"He adverted to the obscurity which had so long hung over the adventures of his youth, which had created so many inquietudes and doubts in those who loved him, and so much perplexed their curiosity. Concealment was enjoyed for reasons which every dispassionate hearer would allow to be cogent. Time, however, had somewhat lessened their force, and, with regard, at least, to us his friends, he had finally determined to make a full disclosure.

"From the time of his arrival in America, till his settlement at Ardenfield, a period of anguish and suspense, every secret of their hearts had been disclosed to each other by himself and his wife. He had particularly composed for her eye a long narrative of occurrences happening to him in Europe. This correspondence had been carried on in a language and character which made it wholly unintelligible to another.

"After their marriage, their leisure had frequently been employed in reviewing together past scenes, so copiously and vividly pourtrayed in their numerous letters; and being concious that a time might come when the knowledge of his history might be published to the world, or, at least, imparted to his chosen friends, without evil consequences, he had lately amused himself with transcribing and translating, compactly and regularly, the whole series of their letters.

"His origin and fate had been extraordinary. That lusture which flows from high birth and high fortune was not wanting to his destiny. He had had no mean agency in transactions that had shaken the world. His motive for withdrawing from the scene, and endeavouring to bury in oblivion all previous events, were of no ordinary kind. They were such as put his life and fame in perpetual hazard.

"His fears of an untimely end had every day grown less; but they were not wholly at an end; and he now saw the propriety of leaving some memorial behind him, in case of an unfortunate catastrophe, by which his memory might be justified. This was an additional reason to make the compilation which he had just finished, and which he now offered for our perusal.

"This offer, you may suppose, was eagerly accepted; but so great was our impatience, that we besaught him to give us his story immediately, and from his own lips. After a little hesitation he complied with our request."

"And pray," said I, with great vehemence, "what was the story?"

"It is too long for me to recount at present: besides, I have not satisfied myself that the relation would be proper."

I endeavoured to remove his objections, but in vain. He said that he would take some time to consider of it, and let me know his mind on the next visit.

Desisting from this entreaty, therefore, for the present, I called his attention to other objects, and enquired into the sequel of Arden's history.

"He lived twelve years in great felicity, amidst a family of three children, one son and two daughters. While riding along the river bank, in the autumn of 1777, in the height of the revolutionary war, he was shot, as was conjectured, by a *refugee*, who lurked in the woods.

"His wife found consolation in attending to the education of her children, to whom she performed every maternal office, with great success. I never beheld a finer lad than the son, who inherited his father's countenance and mind. He received a mercantile education, and went to Europe, at twenty years old, as agent to a company of land-dealers. He has since settled in London, and sent for his sisters at the death of his mother, whose eyes were closed by them, at Ardenfield, in the spring of 1795. Their uncle lately died on a spacious farm, surrounded by his family, in the new settlements on *Tenessee*."

"And what," said I, "has become of the manuscript? It is to be hoped that it has not also perished."

"No, not yet. It is in my possession. To gratify my curiosity anew, I borrowed it of Arden, a few months before his death. Mrs. Arden frequently requested it to be returned; but design or accident has always stood in the way. I was the more willing to retain it, as Mrs. Arden had determined to destroy it. Their father's origin and history had always been care-

fully concealed from the children, and she was desirous that every monument of his misfortunes should perish."

"And have you the manuscript still?"

I have. I have several times resolved to throw it into the fire, but something held my hand. Methought is was a pity to let a story, so highly curious, so circumstantial, and so authentic, sink into oblivion. Sometimes I have had thoughts of sending it to Arden and his sisters. In fact, it is their incontestible property. Whatever I do, I must do speedily, for a man at my age cannot expect to live long, and I know not who may come after."

All my curiosity was in arms at this intelligence. I besought him to entrust the manuscript into my hands. I would take good care of it. I would return it on demand; but he would unspeakably oblige me, by permitting me the perusal.

The old gentleman was refractory to all my pleadings. It would be troublesome to find the book. It was buried at the botom of a trnnk overwhelmed with papers. He must take time to consider. He doubted I shouid make no good use of it. Perhaps he might oblige me; perhaps, and more probably, not; but he would make up his mind, and let me know his resolution against my next visit, a fortunight or month hence.

I was obliged to endure my disappointment, and entreated that the desired boon might not be withheld on my next visit. I withdrew, and have beguiled some part of my impatience, by drawing up the foregoing summary of what my friend thought proper to communicate.

Biography.

SKETCH OF THE

Life, Writings, and Character

OF

GEORGE RICHARDS MINOT.

[With a peculiar intenseness do we turn the eye of curiosity towards characters who have been eminently useful in their day and generation. Great intellectual attainments will, of themselves, generate a cordial veneration; but talents and literature assiduously employed for the benefit of our fellow creatures, heighten our admiration. And when we further observe that these efforts to enlighten the understanding and meliorate the heart, are attended with success, we deem such a favoured individual to have attained the pinnacle of eminence, and that he must have it in his power to look back on his exertions with secret satisfaction.

[It has not unfrequently happened that genius has been unfortunate; and such is the strange fatality of human affairs, that even persons of brilliant talents have been suffered to starve in a garret ....rot in a prison....or have been driven to lift unhallowed hands against their own existence. In these cases our tenderest compassion is excited; and we drop the tear of unavailing regret to their memory.

[With this latter class of characters the unfortunate CHATTERTON stands foremost on the list; an account of whom shall be laid before our readers at a convenient season. We, however, now present them with a sketch of the life, writings, and character of a *most fortunate man*, who, beyond almost every other of his cotemporaries, has secured the approbation of the public.]

(From a diurnal print.)

GEORGE RICHARDS MINOT, was borne in Boston in December, 1753, and, after profiting by all the advantages resulting from the best education our country can bestow, was admitted to the bar in 1781. As he possessed a delicacy and temperament ill suited to that tumultuous and jarring profession, he early left the wrangling of the forum, to exercise his talents and integrity as private consel. In this situation he increased his legal knowledge, indulged his honourable preventive skill, and left others to profit by the soundness of his judgment; and often will his opinions be quoted, when the most eloquent harangues may be forgotten.

In May, 1782, he was appointed Clerk to the House of Representatives; which office he filled with great reputation for ten years, and then resigned it, and received the unanimous thanks of the House, which were voted to be specially presented to him by the speaker.

In this station he acquired that political knowledge and temporate system of reasoning, on the motives and actions of parties, which secured to him a complete independence of sentiment, during the tempestuous season, which has so long continued to divide and distract our country. He learnt and deeply felt the importance of the conviction to his beloved fellow citizens, "that to obey the laws, was to reign with them."

In 1782, he delivered and published an oration, at the request of the inhabitants of the town, on the subject which first sounded the tocsin, in the eventful night of the 5th of March, 1770, which was an epoch that led to the revolution afterwards so gloriously effected.

In 1788, he published the history of the insurrection in Massachusetts. Of this work, which has been compaired with the Cataline conspiracy of Sallust, it may be said that it was without a rival in any previous provincial publication.

In January, 1789, he was admitted a member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and died an officer of that respectable association.

He was among the first twelve original members of the Massachusets Historical Society—and it must be unnecessary to add that a man of his indefatigable research, and patience of detail, was one of its most destinguished associates.

In 1792, he was appointed Judge of Probate, for the county of Suffolk, and sustained that arduous office until his death. For this station he was admirably qualified. Mildness patience, knowledge, philanthropy, and fealing, endeared him to all the suiters of that Court as the inflexible guardian of the widow, and the orphan's friend. Exalted spirit! thou hast borne the *mens conscia recti* to the chancery of the skies, and, followed by the prayers of the virtuous, art now meeting thy reward!

In May, 1795, he delivered a discourse to the members of the Charitable Fire Society. He was one of the principal founders of that institution, and died its President. This literary effort to aid its funds has been annually pursued since, and largely contributed to the humain views of its supporters.

In January, 1799, he was appointed Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, for the county of Suffolk, and the gentlemen of the bar knew best how to appreciate the learning and benignity, that could change the professional arena of a court-house into a hall of cheerfulness and dispatch.

Concerning his eulogy on the FIRST MAN of his country, and his volume* of the Massachusetts History, it would be needless to offer a remark—because few, who revered a WASHINGTON, or are interested in the historic memoirs of the state, but are in possession of both.

In all capital seaports, larcenies and prety crimes are numerous. To relieve the heavy expence of the town of Boston, arising from this source, and if possible to check the evil, an application was made to the legeslature to establish a peculiar Municipal Court, whose business should be exclusively criminal, and by its frequent

* *He has prepared another volume, which was to have been published this winter*

meetings, supersede in this respect, the jurisdiction of Quarter Sessions. This plan was carried into effect. The court was erected, and in May, 1800, Judge Minot was commissioned sole Justice. The great number of cases that have come before that court, since his appointment demonstrates the utility of the system.—In no causes more than in criminal prosecutions, ought trials to be prompt, and without delay. The humanity that tempered the severity of offended justice, whilst it excited his reverence, satisfied the victim, that his judge considered that protection was the aim and reform, not ruin, the sole end of the law.

Accept, dear departed spirit, this short tribute of truth and love from one who from early life knew the purity of thy principles—who through life participated thy friendship—derived assistance from thy talents, and whose best ambition would be to benefit by thy example, and, dying, justly to anticipate a posthumous reputation, spotless as thy own.

Geography.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LADY'S MONITOR.

SIR,

I observe in your address to your patrons, at the commencement of the new year, you promise to favour them with occasional extracts from the Geographer and the Historian, as well as from the Voyager and the Traveller. With this plan I am much pleased; and I assure you, Sir, I think it the most valuable part of your Miscellany. If I mistake not, it is your object to render the Lady's Monitor a complete FAMILY COMPANION; calculated as well for the MALE, as the FEMALE reader, and to instruct as well as amuse. By giving publicity to the following account of "our own dear native land," you will oblige a

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OF AMERICA IN GENERAL.

AMERICA, the fourth grand division of the earth, received its name from *Americus Vespusius*, a Florentine; who was far from deserving that honour, to which he had no other claim than a few inconsiderable discoveries after *Columbus* had led the way, and his drawing a map of the country: if therefore it was proper for it to receive the name of any European, it might with more justice have been called Columbia, from the great man who made it known to the Europeans; and is frequently so called by the British race of inhabitants here.

This *New World*, as it is emphatically called, extends from the frozen regions of the north, where its limits are impervious to human observation, on account of the impassable barriers of ice, which never yield to the influence of the summer sun, through an extent of country, in which successively pass all the climates to be found in the other regions of the earth, and at length terminates on the south, in the snow-capped rocks of Terra del Fuego. Thus the continent of *America* extends from about the eightieth degree, N. to the fifty-sixth degree S. latitude; & where its breadth is known from the 40th E. to the 50th W. longitude from Philadelphia, without including the islands, stretching between eight and nine thousand miles in length: but in its greatest breadth, were certainly known, three thousand six hundred and ninety; though in the middle it is not above sixty or seventy miles over.

It is bounded on the north by the seas about the north pole; and on the E. by Davis's Straits, which separate it from Greenland, and by the great Atlantic Ocean, which divides it from Europe and Africa; on the S. by the vast Southern or Pacific Ocean; and on the W. by the north Pacific Ocean, which separates it from the eastern part of the continent of Asia, the desolate but temperate and extensive regions of New-Holland; also from New-Guinea, and an immense number of fruitful and populous islands. About the sixty-eighth degree of north latitude, it very nearly joins the most eastern point of Asia, a fact which the indefatigable labours of Captain Cook ascertained, the low countries being there only 16 or 18 leagues apart.

It is very remarkable, that the climates of North America, are many degrees colder than any of the counties under the same latitude in Europe; thus New-Britain, which is nearly in the same latitude with Great-Britain, is insupportably cold to an European: the greatest part of the frozen country of Newfoundland, the bay of St. Laurence, and Cape Breton, lie parallel with the coast of France; Nova-Scotia and New-England are in the same latitude as the Bay of Biscay; New-York and Pennsylvania lies opposite to Spain and Portugal. Hence the coldest winds of North America blow from the N. and the W. as they do here from the N. and the E. Many causes have been assigned for this remarkable increase of cold in America, to that felt under the same parallel of latitude in Europe: one is the wind traveling over a vast extent of land from the north and west, before it reaches those parts of America above mentioned; and some philosophers have maintained, that America was entirely overspread with an immense ocean; long since the records of history speak of Asia, Africa, and Europe.

This vast continent is divided almost in two by an isthmus about fifteen hundred miles in length, and in one place so narrow as to be only about sixty miles over; but being mountaneous, it would be impossible, perhaps, to open a communication there between the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans. All the continent to the North of this isthmus, together with the isthmus itself, is styled North-America; and all to the south of it, including that even on this side the equator, is styled South-America. This narrow neck is called the isthmus of Darien.

North America is far from being mountaneous, and chiefly consists of gentle ascents and level plains; the principal hills in this extensive tract are called the Apallachian, or Alleghany mountains, which extend on the back of the United States. But in South America is the immense long and lofty chain called the Cordilera of the Andes, which in height and length exceed any chain of mountains in the other three parts of the earth; for beginning near the isthmus of Darien, they extend to the straits of Magellan, cutting the whole southern part of America in two, and running a length of four thousand three hundred miles.

America is also well watered by rivers, not only for the support of animal life, and all the advantages of fertility, but for the convenience of trade, and the intercourse of the distant inhabitants by water. In North America the great river Mississippi, rising about the falls of St. Anthony, in latitude 47° N. runs about two thousand miles, chiefly from N. to S. receiving in its course the Ohio, the Missorie, the Illenois, the Ouisconfin, the St. Croix, the St. Pierre, and other large rivers, navigable almost to their very sources, and laying open the inmost recesses of this continent. Near the heads of these are extensive lakes of fresh water, which have a communication with each other, and with the great river St. Laurence, which is navigable for ships above four hundred miles from its mouth, where it is said to be ninety miles broad. On the eastern side of North America are the fine rivers Hudson, Delaware, James, Potowmak, Susquehanna, Connecticut, and several others of great length and depth, which, with many others of the most remarkable, shall be described in the proper places.

In South America are the two largest rivers in the known world, the river of Amazons, and the Rio de la Plata; the first rises in Peru, and after a course of above three thousand six hundred miles, in which it receives a prodigious number of navigable rivers, falls into the ocean between Brazil and *Guinea*. The Rio de la Plata, or Plate river, rises in the heart of the country, and becomes so large by the accession of other considerable rivers, pouring such an immense flood into the sea, that it makes it taste fresh for several leagues from the shore.

A country of such vast extent on each side the equator, must necessarily have a variety of soils as well as climates; but if we except the most northern and southern parts, which here, as every where else, are naturally barren, the rest is an immense treasury of nature, producing most of the metals, minerals, plants, fruits, trees, and woods, to be met with in the other parts of the world, and many of them in greater quantities and higher perfection. The gold and silver of South-America have supplied Europe with such immense quantities of those precious metals, that the value of specie, in consequence, is greatly decreased; according to Montesquieu, the quantity then in circulation when he wrote, was, to that before the discovery of the Indies, as thirty-two is to one. And in the revolution of about thirty years, which time has elapsed since he made the calculation, the difference has become considerably greater; notwithstanding the immense quantities of silver annually carried to China, which never returns.

The southern division of this country also produces an immense quantity of diamonds, pearls, emeralds, amethysts, and other valuable stones, which are brought into Europe, in such quantities, as have also greatly lowered their value. To these may be added a great number of other commodities, which though of less price, are of much greater use. Of this sort are the constant and plentiful supplies of cochineal, indigo, anatto, logwood, brafil, fustic, pimento, lignum-vitæ, rice, ginger, cocoa, or the chocolate nut, sugar, tobacco, banilas, cotton, red-wood, the balsams of Tolu, Peru, and Chili, Jesuit's bark, mechoacan, sassafras, sarsparilla, cassia, tamarinds, hides, furs, ambergris, and a great variety of woods, roots, and plants, to which, before the discovery of America, we were either entire strangers, or forced to procure them at an exorbitant price from Asia and Africa.

America has also a variety of most excellent fruits, which although they grow wild, come to great perfection; as pine-apples, pomegranates, citrons, lemons, oranges, mancatons, cherries, pears, apples, figs, grapes; vast numbers of culinary, medicinal and other herbs, roots and plants.

Add to this, the surprising fertility with which the soil is blessed, by which many exotic productions are nourished in as great perfection as in their native ground.

With all this plenty and variety, the vast continent of America formerly laboured under the want of many necessary and useful commodities: for upon the first landing of the Europeans, they found neither corn, wine, nor oil, and the inhabitants in many places knew not the use of corn, but made their bread of pulse or roots. Our kind of sheep, goats, cows, asses, and horses, were not to be found there, though the land abounded with pastures; and at first the sight of a man on horseback would throw a whole troop of the innocent and simple inhabitants into a dreadful panic. But all these animals have been transported thither in such plenty, and have increased so fast in those fertile pastures, that the country has no want of them, as appears from the innumerable hides, particularly of oxen, continually exported. However, in the room of these domestic animals, they had others no less valuable, and to which the Europeans, upon the first discovery, were utter strangers; these we shall describe in the countries where they are bred.

The same may be said of the vast variety of birds to be seen here, some of which greatly surpass all that are to be found in any other parts of the world, for their surprising beauty, fine shape, bright and glowing colours. The seas, lakes and rivers, also abound with the greatest variety of fish.

Before the arrival of the Europeans, they had arts of their own; having some notion of painting, they also formed pictures by the beautiful arrangement of feathers of all colours, and in some parts built palaces and temples. Though the use of iron was unknown, they polished precious stones, cut down trees, and made not only small canoes, but boats of considerable bulk. Their hatchets were headed with a sharp flint, and of flints they made knives. Thus, at the arrival of the Europeans, they afforded a lively picture of the primitive state of mankind in the infancy of the world. For, at that period the arts, the sciences, and all the learning that had long flourished in these more enlightened parts of the earth, were entirely unknown.

THE REFLECTOR.

NO. XI.

"The passion excited by beauty is, in fact, nearer to a species of melancholy, than to jollity or mirth."

Burke on the Sublime and Beautiful.

The melancholy of lovers has been a subject of general observation; and it hath been enquired how a quality so replete with felicity, as is understood of love, should prove, in the first instance, little more than misery to its possessor? It would appear, however, as our sensations of mirth are never productive of ultimate satisfaction, that beauty, which is in most minds the parent of love, should, in order to the prosperity of its offspring, be attended with "a species of melancholy." Those objects from which we derive our greatest pleasures, are mostly of a pensive description. The dance may amuse and delight us....but it is almost instantaneously obliterated; while circumstances affecting to the heart, are experienced with tenderness, and treasured with assiduity. Love is not talkative. In familiar life, the chief sources of our amusement are derived from conversing with the intelligent, and those around us; while the lover, strange as it may seem, however accomplished and cultivated his mistress, is best gratified by a silent attention to her beauties, and a sort of mute admiration. Women do not appear to be properly acquainted with this truth. They would consider such a suitor as stupid: the rattler they admire; and it is but a step from admiration to love. The dear delightful dog, who can prate gaily of what he does not comprehend, and launch forth into a thousand idle eulogiums of a beauty to which he is insensible....this sweet compound of every thing that is light, pretty, and agreeable, will be preferred to the man of sense and affection, merely because the latter, from the very nature of sense and affection, is incapable of such folly. We know it has been said, that the same things will act differently on individuals, and the assertion may hold good in a majority of instances. But love, which has been called the universal passion, unless in cases of inability, is uniform in its effect. Real love is always timid, solicitous, attentive. These are qualities not to be affected, and they serve to distinguish the value of the same sentiment in its manifold applications.

Among those pleasures which are dear to recollection, we trace few that are strictly mirthful. There is something in mirth not at all congenial to contemplation, an act characteristic of the memory. What is cherished by reflection, will be found interesting to the heart. Love, it is known, gathers strength and stability from absence; deprived awhile of its object, a thousand little tendernesses are valued as subjects of the first regard, which, when received, were but commonly esteemed. Absence is a kind of death, and there is no one who need be apprised of the benevolence we feel towards

those who can offend no more. But all this would not happen to love, if it were not, as Mr. Burke says of beauty, allied to a species of melancholy.

To those who have accompanied the human mind in its progress from childhood to maturity, and from thence to the decline of life, this inclination in man to ideas in themselves solitary and pensive, must be clearly evident. Even youth, the very spring of hilarity, has a bias to melancholy. This is daily demonstrated in the poetry of our most cultivated young men: and it may not appear so extraordinary if we consider, that the distinction between melancholy and grief is essentially marked; the first as a pleasing, the latter as a corroding passion. Grief is certainly inimical to the playfulness of our early days; but melancholy, so far from having a similar influence, by giving a kind of shade to our ideas, seems to relieve us from the too great lustre of a juvenile imagination; it is a grove to defend us from the over-powering influence of the noon-day sun, where we sit and contemplate with more effect the surrounding landscape: it is, in fact the evening of thought.

No one thinks of addressing his mistress in the language of mirth. All the poets, excepting Cowley and Waller, have treated plaintively of love: these were strange exceptions....Cowley, a fanciful metaphysician, and Waller, a sprightly courtier; the former was far-fetched and obtruse, the last, though sometimes tender, was, on the whole, rampant and debonaire; and, while Cowley is supposed to have had no mistress, Waller had too many to love any: it would therefore be idle to enumerate these writers as exceptions to a general rule.

Beauty implies some kind of perfection, and it does not matter, while that perfection is understood, whether it be real or imaginary. Perhaps it may be affirmed, that the contemplation of every species of perfection, is attended with melancholy on two accounts —it always carries with it the ideas of greatness and purity, which inspire us with a melancholy respect; while we imbibe a kind of regret or pensiveness, in the comparison which we are tempted to draw betwixt ourselves and the object of our admiration. Certain, however, it is, whatever obscurities may be found to attach to the explication I have attempted on this occasion, that "the passion excited by beauty is, in fact, nearer to a species of melancholy, than to jollity or mirth."

THE PLAINTIFF.
NO. V.

MR. EDITOR,

The address which was made to you in the last number of your Miscellany excited my compassion. An *unsuccessful* lover is one of the most distressful objects in creation. To mitigate his sorrows will be a meritorious object.

This *distressed* lover tells you, that he has tried every remedy; and, that if you fail in a recipe he must sink into despair. Poor man! I feel an interest in his misfortune. But, as he himself remarks, "his case is neither uncommon nor peculiar." So much the worse. So general a species of distress calls for some specific remedy. I shall attemp to prescribe for him, and also for others in a similar condition. The prescription possesses an almost sovereign efficacy. It consists of three ingredients, impartial enquiry; vigorous employment; and long absence.

Impartial enquiry is necessary oftentimes to the abatement and extinction of disappointed love. Let him enquire calmly whether the object be really so valuable as he imagines. Perhaps his inflamed mind hath invested her with visionary excellencies. The soul of the lover is heated with passion—and passion is a deceitful medium of judgment. Let him consider, then, whether his *Dulcinea* ought not to be stripped of the many gaudy colours with which he has perhaps thoughtlessly embellished her. Cool examination in these affairs, often breaks the chains, and loosens the victim from his bonds. But suppose, upon enquiry, he finds the object of his affection to be what he supposes—every thing that is excellent: —then the exercise of thought will shew him the wisdom of giving up with dignity what cannot be attained. This measure common sense dictates. Let her voice be heard and obeyed. For this purpose, I must beg him to have recourse to the two other ingredients of my prescription —vigorous employment and long absence.

Vigorous employment will absorb the imagination, in which faculty violent love generally takes up its abode. One master passion, like the rod of Aaron, swallows up the rest. Thus will he get rid of his present source of misery. To play with the passion will only blow it into greater fury. Let him be resolute, and lo! the Herculean task is accomplished. She who before occupied all his attention, will be excluded from his meditations. Into the recesses of his soul she will not be suffered to enter. He is engrossed by other affairs. He is taken up with subjects more favourable to his welfare and felicity.

The last ingredient is *long absence*. This has succeeded when every thing else failed. The disappointed lover quits the spot where the unyielding object of his affections hath charmed him into misery. He sometimes seeks relief in foreign climes. Travels or voyages are in this respect most efficacious in their operation. New objects perpetually rise upon his view. These amuse his fancy, and interest his heart. The late Mrs. Woollstonecraft, by these means, got rid of a similar uneasiness. Her peace and happiness were effectually restored.

Such are the means offered for banishing the distress with which your correspondent is oppressed. He is at perfect liberty either to adopt or reject them. I must, however, be permitted to say, that they are not untried means; nor have they been found of little or no efficacy. Thousands have had recourse to them, and can bear testimony to the effect which they have produced on the harassed mind. Let them not, therefore, be despised. A fair trial they demand; and till the experiment be made, no individual has a right to depreciate them. For my own part, I acknowledge their efficacy. It becomes *me*, then, particularly to recommend them. This I do in the most unreserved manner, He who has been diseased, knows the value of medicine. He who has been restored to health, has it in his power to speak decidedly in favour of the process which has effected his recovery.

At the same time, Mr. Editor, I cannot conclude this short epistle, without offering some advice to your distressed correspondent. Should he be successful in the use of the means here specified, let him for the future keep a *tighter reign* over his *imagination*. It is a headstrong passion, not easily to be managed. Its victim is sometimes involved in its illusions, beyond the possibility of a recovery. Instances of this kind sre not unfrequent. Vigilance, therefore, should be continually exercised. Without this virtue of incessant watchfulness, happiness will prove a stranger to our bosoms. We become the sport of the circumstances in which we are placed. Whereas, a well-governed mind will guard every avenue to the heart. Not that the individual should shut his soul against *virtuous love*; but it is his bounden duty, as he values his own peace and comfort, to avoid setting his affections on objects which are either unsuitable for him, or which are beyond the reach of his possession. In such a case he will not become a subject of pity to his connections; and prove a burden to himself. Of *him* it never will be said in the expressive language of Gray,—

Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies....see him rove;
Now drooping, woeful, wan like one forlorn,
Or craz'd with care, or crossed in hopeless love!

N.

New-York,

SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 1802.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

WILLIAM DURELL, of this City, bookseller, has just published, in one neat volume, the well-known poems of Dr. BEATTIE, whose *Minstrel* is universally admired. It is printed from the last London edition, which has been revised, and considerably improved.

J. TRUMBULL, of Norwich (Con.) has issued proposals for publishing *The History of the Indian Wars in New-England*, from the first planting thereof in the year 1607, to the year 1677. Containing a relation of the occasion, rise, and progress of the war with the Indians in the southern, western, eastern, and northern parts of said country. By WILLIAM HUBBARD, A. M. Minister of Ipswich.

THEATRICAL REGISTER.

January 18. This evening was presented (fifth time), Colman's new comedy of *The Poor Gentleman*; with the after-piece of *The Children in the Wood*.

January 20. The celebrated comedy of *Every one has his Fault*; and the Opera of *The Purse; or, American Tar*.

January 22. *Abaellino, the Great Bandit*; and the farce of *The Village Lawyer*.

A MASTERLY

CHARACTER OF LORD CHATHAM.

ATTRIBUTED TO MR. GRATTAN.

THE secretary stood alone. Modern degeneracy had not reached him. Original and unaccommodating, the features of his mind had the hardihood of antiquity. His august mind over-awed majesty, and one of his sovereigns thought royalty so impaired in his presence, that he conspired to remove him, in order to be relieved from his superiority. No state chicaney, no narrow system of vicious politics, no idle contests for ministerial victories, sunk him to the vulgar level of the great; but overbearing, pursuasive, and impracticable, his object was England, his ambition was fame. Without dividing, he destroyed party; without corrupting, he made a venal age unanimous. France sunk beneath him. With one hand he smote the house of Bourbon, and wielded in the other the democracy of England. The sight of his mind was infinite: and his schemes were to affect, not England, not the present age only, but Europe and posterity. Wonderful were the means by which these schemes were accomplished, always seasonable, always adequate; the suggestions of an understanding animated by ardour, and enlightened by prophecy.

The ordinary feelings, which make life amiable and indolent, were unknown to him. No domestic difficulties, no domestic weakness, reached him; but, aloof from the sorded occurrences of life, and unsullied by its intercourse, he came occasionally into our system, to council and to decide.

A character so exalted, so strenuous, so various, so authoritative, astonished a corrupt age, and the treasury trembled at the name of Pitt through all her classes of venality. Corruption immagined, indeed, that she had found defects in this statesman, and talked much of the inconsistency of his glory, and much of the ruin of his victories; but the history of his country, and the calamities of the enemy, answered and refuted her.

Nor were his political abilities his only talents: his eloquence was an æra in the senate, peculiar and spontaneous, familiarly expressing gigantic sentiments and instinctive wisdom; not like the torrent of Demosthenes, or the splendid conflagration of Tully, it resembled sometimes the thunder, and sometimes the music of the spheres. Like Murray, he did not conduct the understanding through the painful subtility of argumentation; nor was he, like Townshend, for ever on the rack of exertion; but rather lightened upon the subject, and reached the point by the flashings of the mind, which, like those of his eye, were felt, but could not be followed.

Upon the whole, there was in this man a something that could create, subvert, or reform; an understanding, a spirit, and an eloquence to summon mankind to society, or to break the bonds of slavery asunder, and to rule the wilderness of free minds with unbounded authority; something that could establish or overwhelm empire, and strike a blow in the world that should resound through the universe.

ACHARACTER NOT VERY COMMON.

HUMANUS converts almost every article of his expences into an act of benevolence and humanity; he reads the papers, and drinks his coffee at one widow's; he buys his poultry, of a second, who in children and grandchildren has seventeen in family; and his fish of a man that has seven children. Though he has a barber just by him, he goes a quarter of a mile to be shaved by one with a large family; and the same principle induces him to go a mile to buy his shoes. He wears no wove stockings, because his doing so would deprive the poor woman who knits them of a week's subsistence. If he lays out a penny in fruit, it is always with those that are past their labour, if there are any in his way.

DIED,

On Monday the 18th inst. after a life of the most exemplary virtue, Mrs. ANN CROOKES, the worthy and affectionate wife of Mr. John Crookes, Editor of the Mercantile Advertiser.

At Charlotte, (North Carolina) on the 14th day of November last, after a short and painful illness, which she indured with the greatest fortitude, Miss PAMELIA HENDERSON, in the 17th year of her age.

Parnassian Garland.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LADY'S MONITOR.

SIR,

[It was the observation of the poet Simonides, that "poetry is a speaking picture, and painting mute poetry." This observation should be ever fresh in the memory of juvenile bards, that his picture may be elegant, and speak with melody of voice and elegance of diction. I have derived considerable pleasure from a perusal of some of the poems of Mr. Low; and notwithstanding certain unfavourable criticisms, am still of opinion that they will

"Last eternal through the length of days."

I have seen several parodies on Lewis's "Alonzo and Imogene," some of which have been faithful imitations of that terrific ballad. Mr. Low has founded his poem on the story of the "Bleeding Nun," in the romance of 'The Monk.' His versification is easy, flowing, and harmonious....impressive and correct. By giving it a place in your valuable Miscellany, you will amuse the public, and oblige a

CONSTANT READER.]

ALPHONSO AND AGNES.

In Lindenberg castle, whose battlements rear
Their Gothic remains to the sun,
On ev'ry fifth May day of ev'ry fifth year,
At the still hour of one did a spectre appear,
Array'd in the garb of a nun:

The dread apparition was meager and tall;
Blood dropp'd on her robes from a wound;
Her haggard eyes deep in their sockets did fall;
Her presence the bravest of men could appal;
The women beheld her and swoon'd!

Conceal'd was her face with a nun's dismal veil,
And, when the ghost drew it aside,

Her vissage cadaverous, ghastly and pale,
To the spot seem'd the shudd'ring spectators to nail;
The blood in their veins ceas'd to glide!
The castle's fair inmate was AGNES....whose eyes
Had shed Love's delicious delight
In ALPHONSO's susceptible heart....when with sighs
Her breasts gently heav'd....the soft fleece of the skies
No more to his view appear'd white.
The virgin for him felt a similar flame,
Her tongue equal ardour confess'd;
Whenever ALPHONSO to Lindenberg came,
What transports delectable thrill'd thro' her frame!
What speechless delight fir'd her breast!
Her aunt, old, repugnant, antique and morose
Her passion oft strove to restrain;
A vow doom'd the maid (ere her birth) to the cross;
And the blind devotee deprecated the loss
Which heav'n in her niece might sustain:
Her vigilance only their passion inflam'd,
Her rigour but fed their desires;
In vain the fierce beldam or threat'ned or blam'd;
Coercion and convents have never yet tam'd
Or quench'd Love's omnipotent fires.
Ere the fifth day of May of the well-noted year,
When all did the vision expect,
ALPHONSO soft whisper'd in AGNES's ear,
"At the still hour of one, in the morning appear,
"In ghostly habiliments deck'd;
"For then all believe that the spectre, as erst,
"Down stairs thro' the hall will proceed:
"Be thou, AGNES, veil'd like the spirit....and first
"Glide thro' the apartments....then, Fate, do thy worst,
"My AGNES's flight to impede!"
The period approaches....fly swift, ye dull hours;
ALPHONSO expects his love soon:
The night breeze sighs sadly, and awes his rapt powers;
The owl screams and wails from the mouldering towers
That shine with the beams of the moon.
The porter wide opens the castle's huge gates;
(The bleeding nun whilom stalk'd thence)
ALPHONSO's heart throbs....mute and breathless he waits,
He sighs, and implores, and accuses the Fates,
Now hoping, now chill'd by suspense.
He numbers the minutes! Time seems to stand still;
Hark!....*One* vibrates shrill in his ears,
Tumultuous emotions his bosom now fill,
And, oh! what ineffable joys through him thrill,
When a torch at a distance appears!

She comes, nor forgets to extinguish the light,
Her aunt's dreaded notice to shun:
He sees, by the moon-beams which gild the drear night,
'Tis she....'tis his AGNES who blesses his sight,
Array'd like the ghost of the nun!
"Sweet AGNES, dear AGNES," he cries,
"thou art mine,
"The maid whom I love and adore;
"Betrothed to thee, my belov'd, I am thine,
"Lov'd AGNES, thou now art unchangeably mine;
"Thou never shalt part from me more!"
She flies to his arms, and he clasps to his heart
The nymph who enamours his soul;
In the carriage which waits, in an instant they dart;
They vow endless love, and their transports impart,
While the chariot wheels rapidly roll.
Now swift fly the horses....swift spin the wheels round;
The castle's high turrets recede;
Scarce seem the fleet coursers to tread on the ground,
They plunge deep in valleys, o'er mountains they bound,
They rival the hurricane's speed:
ALPHONSO endeavours to govern their fire,
But calls to the drivers in vain;
Such fury the mettlesome steeds does inspire,
They more than Herculean exertion require,
Their perilous speed to restrain!
O'er ditches they leap, over hedges they fly,
Now down the fell precipice dash;
Wheels rattle, steeds snort, lightning glares thro' the sky!
Winds bellow, and thunder rolls awful on high!
And bursts with a terrible crash!
The shock fills ALPHONSO with dreadful alarms;
The virgin clings to him abash'd;
He fears for her life while he hangs o'er her charms;
She shrieks, wild with terror....she faints in his arms!
The chariot in pieces is dash'd!
The drivers have vanish'd....the horses lie dead,
ALPHONSO, unconscious, lies there;
All shatter'd the chariot's loose fragments are spread;
The nun's bleeding form from ALPHONSO hath fled;
The vision dissolves into air!
ALPHONSO revives....he remembers his fair;
Love kindles up Life's dying fires;
Kind peasants have cherish'd and lodg'd him with care;
He gazes around him, in frantic despair,
For AGNES, his love, he inquires.
They hear with concern....their best succour is us'd,
They mourn his condition so sad;

His limbs are disjointed, and mangled, and bruis'd,
His senses by terror and pain are confus'd;
They deem the lorn sufferer mad.
No AGNES was seen when ALPHONSO was found:
He raves, hapless youth! at the news;
The walls of the mansion with "AGNES" resound;
For AGNES he sends fifty messengers round;
His wounds crimson currents effuse;
Exhausted with anguish of body and mind,
In stupor lethargic he sinks;
Dreams harrow his soul;....on the wings of the wind
He ransacks the world his lov'd AGNES to find:
Of nothing but AGNES he thinks.
Now Fancy hath plac'd the dear maid by his side;
But dæmons his bride from him tear:
They plunge, with their prey, in a gulph deep and wide!
ALPHONSO exclaims, "nought our loves shall divide!"
And leaps down the gulph in despair.
He starts, as the dreadful abyss he surveys;
He 'wakes in a horrible fright;
Oh GOD! what a figure encounters his gaze;
He stares at the bleeding nun's ghost with amaze,
Envelop'd in drapery white!
She stalks, and sits down on the bed where he lies;
All bloodless and pale are her cheeks;
Her cold, livid lips to his face she applies;
Upon him she fixes her death-looking eyes;
In accents sepulchral she speaks:
"ALPHOOSO, ALPHONSO, my love, thou art mine,
"The youth whom I love and adore;
"Betrothed to thee, my belov'd, I am thine,
"ALPHONSO, ALPHONSO, my love, thou art mine;
"I never will part from thee more!
With cold clammy hands, that of rottenness smell,
ALPHONSO's worn body she clasps;
She utters, in triumph, a horrible yell!
Big drops on his forehead his agony tell;
He groans....his blood curdles....he gasps!
His voice hath departed....his bristling hairs rise,
Chill Horror suspends ev'ry breath!
A motionless, petrify'd statue he lies,
His heart sinks and freezes within him....he dies
In the chilling embraces of Death!

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